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THE MISANTHROPE.

I WAS proud. The scathings of misfortune withered the parent tree, and the nestlings, which it sheltered, were scattered. I could not brook a callous look, or a careless word, from those who had bowed, or envied, and I sought a distant scene, where none might know that life had ever other hopes, than the humble ones at which I then might aim. A mother's smothered sob, and a sister's uncontrolled grief, were the last sounds that reached my ear from the home that had nourished my infancy, and sheltered my childhood. But I turned not. Pride—deep, indomitable pride, sent me forth into the world to learn to live, to bow, or *to die*.

Youth's sweet and holy affections, its bright anticipations, its trust, and its confidence, were all garnered into the urn of the Past. Proudly, and as cold as proud, I sought the struggle of life, its anxieties and cares, and their reward—DEATH.

To learn to live, was to create new hopes, to arouse new sympathies, and to awaken new affections. To live is, to hope; to feel, to love. Life, with its emotions severed from the past, its aspirations unconnected with the future, is a paralytic existence. The spirit which animates, or the life which is, is not of yesterday, of to-day, nor of to-morrow; it exists forever. And an object, which concentrates and confines our aim to the present, stagnates our progression, and palsies our action. Onward, onward is the law written upon human nature. Hope connects us with the future. And when we cease to hope—when we exist but to eat and sleep, which are ever-present wants—we eat not for the morrow—we sleep not for the future—then we cease to live, in the true meaning of life.

I had ceased to hope. The future had naught for me: in the waves of the Past were buried all the sweet sympathies which bind heart and kind. Pride, with its moral sirocco, had desolated the soul. I was *alone!* Alone! and amid the recesses of a desolate heart the sound reverberated; the echo answered, "*lone!*"

And could I learn to bow? Could my proud soul cringe, or play the sycophant to its equal humanity? *I bow to my fellow worm!* I had not learned to bow to the Great Cause who fashioned me; my heart rebelled against His punishment; and I scorned the puny lordling, who arrogated the power, and claimed the reverence, due to JEHOVAH!

And yet, to live, in the general acceptation of the term, man must submit, and yield to his brother man; he must learn to be a slave, to crouch to him to whom circumstances have given, or his own tact has secured, more of the luxuries and possessions which exalt man with man.

Man makes the adventitious matter, the substance pertaining, *the man*—his life the time, or period to gain it. And with *man*, he who accumulates and gathers together wealth, possessions, and money, lives a true life. Is it so with God? He has given us intellect, emotions, and affections. The Christian world receive their ritual as His inspiration. And doth that volume teach the Idea, which men cling and bow to, as the Great Good? Christendom *professes* Christianity; it is actuated more by the principles which were inculcated by the Prophet whose shrine is at Mecca. The Bible teaches “love to” their “neighbor;” their actions proclaim their consideration for his possessions. Could I but scorn their hypocrisy? Could I but turn in bitterness from their mockery, which said “God,” but knelt to ‘*Mammon*?’ The example of Jesus Christ taught that goodness was greatness; the example of men, that greatness was goodness.

I looked into the pages of Inspiration, and found truth and purity inculcated; I looked into the hearts of men, and found deceit and vice. I turned again to the instructions of Wisdom, and found unity and harmony; among men, I found strife and discord. In the one, I found beauty and sublimity; in the other, deformity and grovelling inclinations.

Was the error in their Creator? Had HE made man incapable of becoming what He had commanded him to be? The idea was preposterous.

I scanned still deeper the mystery of the human heart; and it seemed that men even sought with *words* to cheat the GREAT ALMIGHTY? They might be sincere in their belief—they might think that their appreciation of truth was correct; but, if the Sacred Volume taught truth and duty, but few men *lived* true lives. Scorning, as I did, the great mass, for their *opinions* I had no respect. It was of their *acts* I judged. I had learned that it was easy for men to *say* good things; I asked that they should also *perform* them. Words were as wind; acts spoke the deep principle. I asked no sympathy for myself; but I looked to find it exercised by others, for others. They had bonds of union; I had none. * * * * *

Years passed; and I again stood beneath the roof that had been my home. There I had known love, kindness and affection. When I had rushed forth into the turmoil of the world, my departure had caused sadness and grief. Was my return greeted with joy? A stranger had met me. I knew that my mother, and my sister, (the last ties of kindred) slept beneath the surface of the grave-yard. And yet, an impulse, or destiny I could not withstand, had sent me there to see how much my callous soul could bear. I shunned not the infliction of mental agony; I refined the torture of my spirit; I sought the home of my childhood, when I knew that every voice that had created the melody of its happiness, was hushed in death.

I stood by the graves of the loved ones; I asked why they were taken, and I was left? If they had lived, *they* might have done good; I had purposed none—had accomplished none. Why the fruitful tree cut down? Why the barren one still spared? Yes, I even presumed to question the goodness of the GREAT GOD?

There, above the graves of the sacred dead, I still stood, in the might of a proud and haughty soul, and dared to ask why it was so!

And then came the hallowed influence of the kindly affections—the memory of the past, when I was too happy to be proud. My soul melted within

me. It seemed as though they still lived, and hovered in love around my head; that God had, in His mercy, but removed them from the trials and temptations of this life to the enjoyment of perfect bliss. Should I murmur, and rebel because HE had done so? I had; and why? Because it afflicted *me*. My pride and sorrow were rebuked. The selfishness of my grief, the more than selfishness of my pride, I now saw.

I could not but mourn our separation, but I knew that it was LOVE as well as POWER, that had bereaved me; and in that hour, the bitterness of life passed. I learned to bow in humble resignation to the will "of HIM who cannot err."

I had been stricken; but it was necessary to humble the rebellion of my proud heart. I had been left alone in the world; but was it not necessary to enlarge the sphere of my affections? I had loved those who were my own so much, that I forgot "love for my neighbor." The dead had been my world. I had even forgotten to love God.

Humility was my first lesson of true life; and, humbled, I learned to be resigned. And when I learned resignation, I knew and felt love. And to love JEHOVAH, begets love for the beings whom HE has created: and I ceased to be a *misanthrope*.

Death had taught me life. And when I again sought and mingled with my fellow-men, I had learned that the carpings of criticism were not of love; that in seeking for the errors of others, I had not corrected my own; that *to me, also*, were the commands of faith, love, and duty; and the practice of these was life. God, by the blessings of His chastisements, had taught me to live; and *to learn to live is to learn to die*. GRACE.

ON A YOUNG MAN LOST AT SEA.

AND hast thou passed away?
So like the cloud that gilds the summer sky?
Or like the flowers that bloom but for a day,
And then, at eve, in scattered ruin lie.

Yes, time with thee is o'er—
Thy days are numbered, and thy spirit's fled
To greet thy Saviour, on that sunny shore,
And thou art sleeping with the dreamless dead.

No more doth thy sweet voice
Salute our ears, when timorous morning wakes;
Nor dost thou round our hearth rejoice,
When pensive eve her starry sceptre takes.

Thou'st yielded up thy breath—
Those lips, that spoke sweet oracles of love,
Are chill'd by the transforming wand of death,
Yet still we trust thou'rt praising God above.

Free from turmoil and pain,
For thy short pilgrimage did heaven-ward tend;

'T were sacrilege to wish thee here again,
"That life is long that answers life's great end."

Down, where the mighty rest,
Thou now art sleeping, in an ocean tomb,
While liquid mountains roll above thy breast,
Where mortal ken can never pierce the gloom.

For thee no sculptured stones,
Or storied urn, can ere direct the eye,
Where peacefully repose thy mouldering bones,
On which to breath affection's purest sigh.

It matters not to thee
That thy long rest be where the sea-gods sleep,
Or at thy home, beneath thy favorite tree,
Where kindred bosoms o'er the turf might weep.

A monument is raised
For thee, in many a bosom's bleeding shrine ;
And often has grief's bitter fountain laved
That sacred spot, where tenderest fibres twine.

Mournful that home has grown,
Where purest friendship ruled the passing hour ;
Funereal sadness there its shade hath thrown,
And wreathed her cypress garlands round its bower.

Amidst the festal glee,
Where youth and beauty throng the gilded halls,
There, deep remembrance often turns to thee,
And silently thine image oft recalls.

Oh, thou of sterling worth,
In whose deep heart the gem of truth was shrined,
Alas! can worth like thine be called from earth,
And the surviving bear it not in mind?

But time will still our cries ;
It tempers love, and moderates our grief ;
With lenient hand it wipes our weeping eyes,
And hope-to-meet-again brings sweet relief.

When Christ shall ope the grave,
And the deep sea unlocks its charnel door,
When friend and foe, the good man and the knave,
Shall, eye to eye, see them they've known before ;

O, then, we hope to meet
Our long lost one, our brother and our friend :
God grant thy spirit then, our souls may greet,
And seal us His, for bliss that knows no end.

M. B. G.

INCIDENTS OF ADVENTURE. No. I.

A FEW years since, in the course of a journey by stage-coach, I stopped to change stages, at a pretty village in the valley of the Connecticut river. In the sitting-room to which I was shown, I found two young ladies, whom I soon learned were to be fellow-passengers for a portion of my remaining journey. Their acquaintance was soon made; and in the midst of our familiar chat, the landlord entered the room:

"Ladies," said he, "it is but fair to inform you, that you will have an English traveller, and celebrated book-maker, for your companion this afternoon."

"Of the Trollope order?" eagerly inquired the youngest of my new acquaintances.

"That remains to be ascertained," answered the landlord; "but I have given you fair warning, and if you get into his book, you must not blame me." And with a laugh, and a courteous bow, he retired.

"Good!" exclaimed the fair querist of the landlord, the moment that the door was closed. "I never anticipated the distinguished honor of figuring upon the pages of any book; but if I do not get noticed by this English journalist, it will be because I have not wit enough to manufacture some incident so entirely outrageous that he will decide it to be a purely *American* characteristic."

"But surely, miss," I remarked, "you would not give a stranger an erroneous and unjust impression of our manners, or intelligence?"

"A John Bull could not conceive a *just* impression of any thing found out of the *south* part of that island, called Great Britain," she rejoined.

"At any rate, we may profit by their pointing out our errors to us."

"It does not become them so to do; and I question, miss," she continued, "whether impertinent reproof ever did, or ever will do any good, either to communities, or individuals. To illustrate the position of these foreign scribblers: Would it not be the very height of rudeness, for a man to enter the house of a stranger, *uninvited*, and not finding the regulations to his taste, to say, 'Here, sir, I am not pleased with many things that I see. Your house I like, the furniture is very well, but every thing is horribly arranged. This piece ought to be in that room; that picture is hung completely in the shade;' and thus go on until every thing was, or, as he suggested, ought to be, revolutionized. And then go farther: 'I am not pleased with your servants. Some of them are dunces, the rest knaves; and I assure you, no man of sense would allow them to serve him. Neither am I pleased with the disposal of your property. That dividend in right belongs to this son—those shares to the other—and of what use to you is your real estate? Give this farm to this neighbor's son—and that tract of land to another. Gratitude is one of the strongest ties of our nature, and by bestowing these benefits upon neighbors, you will call forth a deeper and stronger affection than your own children will requite you with, for the good that you do them. And thus continue enumerating his possessions, and suggesting their proper disposal. What do you think? that if some unimportant suggestion was just, that the whole mass of impertinence would be listened to, with a pleased countenance, and a 'thank you, Sir,' or that the impudent meddler would be kicked down stairs, with the admonition that when his opinions were wished, they would be solicited? Well; nations are but families on a larger scale,

and, wo to the foreign wight, in any nation, who presumes his advice to better its institutions, manners or customs."

"I have hardly time," I rejoined, "to correct the fallacy of your illustration. The coach is at the door; but you have not attempted to justify the imposition which you have avowed your intention of perpetrating."

"I have no intention of justifying it," she replied. "I am ambitious of getting into print, which I have no hopes of doing unless I die, or get married. I need not wait for either event, if I can make this gaping Englishman believe that I am a prime American *specimen*. I believe that 'uncle John Bull' calls him *clever*. I want 'brother Jonathan' to call me '*cute*.' But I perceive that I shall not have any of your assistance; promise me, too, that you will not interfere."

"Upon the condition that I am not, in any way, appealed to, or referred to."

"Agreed," she rejoined, and turning to her companion, who had remained perfectly silent during our colloquy, "Sarah," said she, "you must assist me if I want. I have not thought what unheard of barbarism (alias *Americanism*) I shall perpetrate, for the sole use and behoof of this collector of curious specimens. I have this to console me, that even if my imagination is not very active, as our fellow passenger is an Englishman, he will be able to masticate and swallow as much as a boa constrictor."

"All ready!" interrupted the landlord, throwing open the door.

As we passed out, I saw my talkative companion speak for a moment aside with her friend; and then they followed me to the coach.

Determined not to have any part or lot in the matter, I enveloped myself in impenetrable silence, and drawing my veil closely over my face, waited to see the *denouement* of the scene.

It is unnecessary to describe the English traveller; he has since shown that he noted not my presence, and I can be excused for forgetting aught of him, save that he was there.

A silence ensued for several miles, and I began to hope that my fair lady's courage was not quite equal to her will; but when I noticed the keen, intelligent manner with which she scanned the traveller, my mind misgave me, and half fearing, half amused, I awaited the result.

The traveller remained silent, as we have since learned, depending more upon his power of observation, than trusting to the authority of a 'democratic' licensed tongue, whether in a feminine or masculine head. This, evidently, was not what his "fellow passenger" had anticipated, or wished. I could see she began to grow uneasy, and after casting a glance at me, and then at her friend, she abruptly, but in an indifferent tone, remarked,

"That's rather a pretty bonnet of yours, miss."

But I must remark, that if the traveller here referred to, was as literally correct in all his descriptions of American incidents, as in the dialogue which ensued between the two ladies, we assuredly have but very little to complain of, respecting his *veracity*. In relating the dialogue, I shall use his own history of the affair, save a little correction of the phraseology, which I do not remember *verbatim et literatim*, as he has recorded it. He says:

"But now to my fellow passengers—both young, both good looking, both ladies, and evidently strangers to each other. One had a pretty pink silk bonnet, very fine for travelling; the other, an indifferent plush one. The young lady in the plush, eyed the pink bonnet for some time; at last Plush observed, in a drawling, half indifferent way,

"That's rather a pretty bonnet of yours, miss."

"Why, yes, I think it is rather pretty," replied Pink.

They both paused, and the lady, whom the traveller had named Plush, was evidently endeavoring to collect her assurance, and command her countenance. After a few moments, she again commenced.

"Would you have any objection to part with it, miss?"

"I don't know; I have not had it but three days."

"Indeed? I should have supposed that it had been worn longer—perhaps it rained."

"It has not rained, nor should I have been obliged to have worn it, even if it had—it's not the only bonnet I have, miss."

"Well, I should like to exchange, paying you the balance."

"That's an awful thing you have on, miss," said Pink mischievously.

"I rather think not, but that is as may be—what will you take?"

"I don't know—what will you give?"

"My question takes the precedence."

"Well, then, five dollars."

"Five dollars! and my bonnet! two would be nearer the value—but its of no consequence."

"None in the least, but I know the value of my bonnet."

"We'll say no more about it."

"Just so."

And Plush put her head out of the window, to conceal the smile which she could no longer restrain. She saw that the traveller's attention was engaged, and that was her aim. After a successful effort to command her countenance, she said, as if talking to herself, but sufficiently audible for him to hear,

"I should not mind giving four dollars, but no more." And then she turned from the window.

Pink heard the remark, but feared to encounter the eyes of her friend, lest their mutual mirth should spoil their sport, and she turned to the opposite window, until she could subdue her risibility.

"I would take four dollars, if it was offered," she remarked in the same tone, and with the same tact of her companion. And then she resumed her former position.

"Did you think of taking four dollars, miss," inquired Miss Plush.

"Well, I don't care, I have a plenty of bonnets at home," replied Miss Pink.

"Well," rejoined Plush taking out her purse, and offering the money.

"What bank is this, miss?"

"Oh, it is right—Safety Fund money."

The two ladies exchanged bonnets, and Miss Pink put the *balance* in her purse.

A few moments after, the traveller took out his note book, and after making a few memorandums, replaced it in his pocket.

Miss Plush's mirth at this juncture, I thought would have betrayed her design, but she subdued it before the traveller had done with his memorandum book.

We separated from our English journalist at the next stage, where the bonnets were resumed by their original owners.

"What do you anticipate from your *bargain*?" I inquired of my young speculator.

"Oh," she replied, "undoubtedly, he will suppose it a characteristic specimen of American *propriety*, and possibly may add that it is a usual method of American ladies, in buying bonnets. Or perhaps that our milliners thus

send out their pretty apprentices to dispose of their stock in trade. At any rate, no American will believe that such a circumstance did occur, and they will credit it to his invention, and deep love of *truth*—

“The stage for —— is ready,” said a porter, putting his head into the door. And I parted from my young bonnet speculators.

The interpretation which was put upon the transaction has been long before the public, and—but—“*We’ll say no more about it.*” KATE.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY is an innate principle possessed by man, which manifests itself in a desire to gratify the mind, by continually making new discoveries. Its zenith is not, like that of instinct, coeval with our existence, but like knowledge it is progressive. “The more we know, the more we wish to know,” is an ancient adage; and it is curiosity which stimulates us with a desire to know more. Thus we see that, as we advance in knowledge, our curiosity also increases. Curiosity has been justly denominated one of the most prominent characteristics of a vigorous intellect. To the student, it is the charm of study. A person who does not wish to gain information, may, and must certainly, always remain in ignorance. But one who has a desire to increase in knowledge, will be prompted by curiosity to persevere, and by this means he will find himself continually increasing his store of knowledge. It may be truly affirmed, that almost every improvement that has ever been made, or ever will be made, in the arts and sciences, must be connected, in some degree, with curiosity. We frequently hear individuals say, “now that my curiosity is excited, I will search into the thing.” In such instances the motto “I’ll try,” should always accompany curiosity; and an individual, prompted by these stimulants, will seldom fail to accomplish his design.

The mind of a Franklin is not to be satisfied by being assured of the simple fact that circumstances *are* thus and thus; and it is curiosity that prompts such an intellect to search out the hidden treasures of knowledge, and doubly enjoy the feast, by communicating to others an acquaintance with the why and wherefore. When Sir Isaac Newton observed an apple falling from a tree, he felt curious to know what power brought it downward; and he labored until he was enabled to communicate to the world, a knowledge of that power which retains our earth and her sister planets in their respective places. But the influence which curiosity exerts upon the minds of different individuals is not always the same; many persons pervert the benefits which they might otherwise derive from this manifestation of the mind. They do this by indulging in an idle curiosity, or a propensity to be always asking some trivial question, an answer to which could not possibly benefit them, and to which it is exceedingly perplexing for others to listen; especially so for those who do not wish to spend time in talking much about nothing. When curiosity leads us to inquire into a subject, we should first let reason teach us whether it is worthy of our investigation. S. F. L.

THE PICTURE.

"How many scenes of by-gone days will old pictures bring to mind," thought Ada Morely, as she turned her eyes from examining an old painting, by an Italian artist. It was a Gothic church, almost concealed by the rich foliage that surrounded it; in the rear was the grave-yard, in country style, for it appeared to be a rural scene; a little to the right stood the parsonage house, for, in olden times, such a house was considered a necessary appendage to the church itself; the woodbine and jessamine were carefully twined about the trellis work that shaded the door, and on each side of the smoothly rolled gravel walk bloomed the fairest flowers of the sunny south.

"How like my own dear home it seems," mused Ada, as she turned to take a second look, "only those old trees are wanting where I played in happy childhood, unconscious of the dark and obscure road that lay before me, for then naught but sunlight danced in my pathway, and catching butterflies, chasing grasshoppers, gathering flowers, and watching the bees, was my task for the day. And all was peace within the interior of my early home, as I saw it then; but I saw not all, for to me everything looked too bright and joyous.

"Shall I describe to you an evening, as I remember it, under the shade of those old trees. It was a summer evening, so calm, so still, that the slight stir of the foliage seemed like the rushing of tiny feet, as if the fairies were holding a festival there. My father, mother, and infant sister, were seated on a long bench, that extended from one tree to another; my venerable grandfather occupied the great arm chair, an heir loom, which had been in the family for centuries; his chin was resting on a huge cane, his companion from Warsaw, for he was from Poland, the land of the brave; a smile lighted up his intelligent countenance, as thoughts of happier days passed through his mind, and I was skipping about with Lure, the house dog, loading him with flowers, to see him shake them off at the feet of the veteran; then he drew me to him, that I might sit down by them, to which gentle force I cheerfully yielded; at the same time asking my grandfather what he was thinking about."

"I was thinking, my dear," said he, "how like sentinels these old trees look, clothed in the glittering moonlight, and bidding defiance to the loud pealing thunder, and the quick flashing lightning; and see how beautifully that one looks, waving its long slender arms, to keep all intruders at a distance; and, as they cast their lengthened shadows far down the avenue, do they not resemble a standing army, perhaps to guard the frontier, or it may be to weep by the tomb of Kosciusko."

"But, grandfather," said I, "will you not tell me something of Poland, and why you came here?"

"Certainly, my child, but not now: it is too sad a story for one so young to hear. I will only say, at present, that America is very dear to me, on account of my lamented countryman, the brave and noble Kosciusko. Here I have the satisfaction to know that I am in the land of the free; and though I may be buried far from kindred and friends, it will be with the knowledge that it is upon the soil where the name of Kosciusko will ever be remembered, and where fallen Poland will ever be dear, for here are the sons of liberty."

The old man ceased speaking, choked with emotion, for I had unconsciously stirred a fountain, which lay deep in his breast, and that had long slumbered. * * * *

How many changes have passed over me, since that evening of light and shade; all that sat with me there, are now laid low in the grave-yard, that so much resembles the one in the picture, and for long years have I been a wanderer from that spot, for I cannot bear to see it in the possession of strangers; no, I cannot stand by, and calmly see all that should be mine, enjoyed exclusively by others. I am not philosopher enough for that; but I would wish that when my spirit takes its flight to a "better land," my earthly remains may repose in that old family tomb, around which I used to plant the earliest and the latest flowers of spring and autumn, while, to watch them, was my morning and evening care. Though we may be wanderers and aliens in this world of ours, there is a time coming, when we shall all be gathered together in that House where there are "many mansions," and the pure in heart will wander no more, for there will be no oppression there, or separation of friends from friends.

ISABELLA.

SAY, WHERE DOES BEAUTY DWELL?

Is it alone in the imagination of the poet, in the wild dreams of fancy, the eye of the painter, or the mind of the sculptor, that beauty dwells? Has it no substantial abiding place amid earth's sublunary objects? In our own fair land, can we behold no traces of its existence? or must we soar away to other climes, where brighter skies and fairer flowers adorn the landscape?

There is beauty everywhere amid nature's works; whether it is reflected from the calm and placid lake, or gleams forth in the mild radiance of the evening star; among the hills and dales of New England, or on the broad fields and fertile prairies of the far off West. We see it in the early spring-time, when the gentle showers, and bright sunshine, call forth each sprouting bud of forest glade and glen. In the long summer hours, scenes of beauty meet our eye, wherever we may roam, nor are traces of it wanting amid the varied hues which Autumn presents. It shines forth at early morning, and at the silent evening hour, when the beauties of this lower world are shut out from our view, by the darkness which surrounds us. Then we can turn our eyes above, and behold it imaged in the stars of heaven. That sweet lay of the poetess contains much of truth, that "there is beauty in all our paths," and could we but feel contented with our lot, and resigned to whatever the will of Providence might direct, though the smiles of fortune rest not always upon us, or the voice of friendship fall upon our ears, still, though clouds might be round and about us for a season, the light of hope would ever and anon break forth, to guide us to a haven of peace and joy. Wherever there is a thankful spirit, and a contented mind, there does beauty dwell; beauty, such as fades not in an hour, and which neither the power of disease, nor the hand of time can e'er destroy.

CLARA.

If tears be shed
O'er the early dead,
Let them not be tears of sorrow;

Though calm is their sleep,
Though silent and deep,
Yet the grave shall have its to-morrow.

THE FAIRIES.

(See Plate.)

PART FIRST.

'T WAS summer night, and brightly fell
The moonbeams in the fairies' dell;
And, though it scarce was noon of night,
Yet, in the brilliant flood of light,
A fairy band might there be seen,
Around their lovely elfin queen.
And still, as night hours passed away,
The group increased, and seemed more gay;
For sprites came flitting to the vale,
Like leaves which float on autumn gale—
So light the rustle of each wing,
Which bore a form to that bright ring.
Some of the elves came down from above,
Like the moonbeams which fell through the shadowy grove;
Some stole up from the thickets deep gloom,
Like tiny ghosts raised from the last dark home;
Some tripped over the glittering sward,
With voices, and steps, in chiming accord;
But the noisiest band, with mirthful shout,
From the temple-ruins came trooping out,
With their slender wands to the full moon raised,
Whose magic tips in the soft light blazed,
As forth from the lofty columns they danced,
The moonlight over their fair forms glanced,
While the gauzy wings, which they waved in pride,
With Luna's rainbow hues were dyed.
So lightly they tripped over rock, moss, and vine,
They seemed like a group of shades to entwine—
The shadows of sculptured beauty, which there,
On the columns shone through the balmy air.
But their voices were full of a mischievous life,
As they rose in the din of a mirthful strife,
Till, at length, they joined in a chorus of sound,
Which rang through the arches, and floated around;
 "Away, away, from the ruins old,
Where the shadows are dark, and the stones are cold;
Where the satyrs come, with their mocking glee,
To spoil our sport, and harmony.
Then away, away, over field, and fell,
Where our queen awaits, in her mossy dell,
For summons are sent, to every sprite,
'To join her ring, ere morning light."
A quick glance shot from the queen's bright eye,
As the noisy throng came hurrying by,
But they quickly fell in the brilliant ring,

When she raised her wand, and shook her wing ;
Their fluttering pinions were laid to rest,
And each wand was crossed, on its owner's breast.
But she, the queen of that elfin band,
Was the loveliest nymph of the fairy land,
Like the moon, in a circle of silvery cloud,
Stood she, so beautiful and proud ;
Or a glittering rock, in the ocean wave,
Whose base the sparkling foam-wreaths lave,
So seemed she in the midst to stand,
While round her danced the merry band.
And when they ceased, her soft voice fell
Like the echoing chimes of a distant bell,
Yet it made them sad, though never, till now,
Had she brought a shade o'er an elfin brow.

" Sisters ! ne'er shall ye meet again
In ruined arch, in dell, or plain—
Ne'er shall ye meet, and join in song,
For me, as queen of the fairy throng.
Yet many a night have we blithely met,
Often we've danced till the pale moon set—
But never again shall ye all be seen
To cross your wings to me, as queen.
Yon mouldering arch was high and bare,
Where clustering vines are scrambling there ;
The moon peeped not through the pointed roof,
The screeching satyrs were ever aloof ;
The lofty trees, which circle this vale,
Were slender withes on the grassy dale,
When I was crowned the chief of this band,
When I was made queen of fairy land.
To-night we part, and moonlight shall come,
To bathe in brightness our lonely home ;
Far, far, away, each fairy must go,
To the land of drought, or the land of snow,
Or wheresoever she chooses to roam,
But forget not e'er the deserted home.
And when the buds, which but just appear,
Have blossomed, and died, and fruit has been here ;
When fruit time has passed, and leaves have decayed,
And the wintry rains through the branches have strayed,
When the buds have again peeped forth from the bough,
Then, then, we will meet, as we meet even now.
Then she, whose time has been spent the best,
Shall be chosen the queen of all the rest—
She, who the noblest trophy shall bring,
Shall take my place in the fairy ring.
Now, sisters, away ! for the moon grows pale,
Away, away, from the elvin vale ;
Twelve times that moon shall wax and wane,
Ere, on this spot, we meet again."

STORIES FROM THE LINN-SIDE. No. IV.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

“Yet the world will see
 Little of this, my parting work, in thee,
 Thou shalt have fame! Oh, mockery! give the reed
 From storms a shelter,—give the drooping vine
 Something round which its tendrils may entwine,—
 Give the parched flower a rain-drop, and the meed
 Of love is kind words to woman!”

It was a Christmas eve, in merry England, and gaily chimed forth the evening bells from the far-distant churches, to summon the many worshippers to their respective temples, dedicated to the FATHER of Him whose birth they were called to celebrate; and how many of the young and fair had looked forward to this evening, as a bright spot in their existence. Perhaps some gay party, or ball, was the theme, or the social meeting of dear friends, or it might be the return of a long-absent lover, who had been to foreign climes to fight in the defence of his king and country. But with all the pomp and splendor with which England, in her glory, can array herself, it cannot bring peace to the wounded heart; and how many such throbbed almost to bursting, beneath the embroidered mantle, or star of brilliants; and in how many that the world calls happy, could we be allowed to penetrate the deepest recesses of the heart, should we find the fire quenched upon the altar, and Hope, that bright messenger, sleeping or fled, and, in its place Misery brooding with Despair.

It is well that the world sees not all—but to my story.

I have said it was a Christmas eve, and far away from the noise and din of that great city, the metropolis of a mighty kingdom, where grandeur and poverty are placed side by side—in a quiet dell, was situated *Ashton Hall*, around which, bloomed much of the rural beauty, for which England is so justly distinguished. It was an ancient pile, one of the few where the Gothic and Doric styles of architecture are blended.

But hark! there is music there; the low soft breathing of a lute, accompanying a voice as sweet and clear as the carol of a bird, and lights are flitting to and fro, and fairy forms, ever and anon, glide by the unshaded casements; a festival is there, but we have naught to do with that. In a retired part of the building, in a high wainscotted apartment, hung with tapestry, upon which was wrought a variety of grotesque forms, that probably had cost a life time of labor, was seated a merry group of children. The furniture in the room, to say the least, had seen a century, yet all looked comfortable, and happy, and the cheerful wood fire, that burned brightly on the hearth, lent an additional lustre to the sparkling eyes, that were assembled there.

At length an elderly lady entered, upon which all the children sprang from their seats, and, as it were with one voice, exclaimed,

“Oh, grandmother,

‘We wish you a merry christmas and a happy new year,
 With your pockets full of money, and your cellars full of beer.’”

"Oh, you little rogues," said the old lady, laughing, "would you not rather my pockets should be filled with sweetmeats, and my cellars full of apples and pears?"

"Never mind the sweetmeats, grandmother," said a slender, animated-looking girl, "or at least not now, for do you not remember that you have promised to tell us a story this evening?"

"Well, well," said the old lady, "what shall it be?"

"Oh! let it be a history of that picture, that hangs in your dressing-room," echoed some half-dozen voices, "called 'The Painter's Last Work,' for we have heard Aunt Rosiline say that she can remember when you looked very much like it."

It was the portrait of a beautiful girl, just entering upon womanhood; a profusion of dark curls shaded her brow; beautiful dark expressive eyes, the very mirrors of thought, with long fringed eyelashes, giving to the expression a softness which nothing else could impart; the features were small, and rather Grecian in their regularity; her slight delicate figure was arrayed in the Italian costume; near her stood an English nobleman, of lofty bearing, and it appeared that to him she was showing a small painting, and as he gazes indifferently upon it, a tear is stealing in her eye.

The design of the picture was truly poetical, indicating rare talents, and deep thought.

"As you wish," said the old lady, pensively, "it is a story of sunny Italy, and one that I have long wished might rest in oblivion; nevertheless, if it will make your young hearts glad on a Christmas eve, you shall hear it.—The original of that portrait was an Italian sculptor, possessing also talents for poetry, and music; she was a gifted being, and all who knew her loved the bright-eyed Inez Rossini. Among the many who visited her studio, was an English nobleman; she did not at first notice him, but he came often, and again and again bestowed much praise upon her work; but to herself he was cold and distant, as moonlight resting on a marble monument; as if he had said it was not woman's appropriate duty to use the chisel and the brush.

"Time passed on, and it was rumored that the fair and gifted daughter of Italy loved the cold and reserved Englishman, and when others extolled her talents, she would say, 'What avail my lofty gifts? they cannot bring me happiness. Have I not loved, and vainly striven to bind one true, trusting heart to mine, where I might find a resting place for all this treasure of affection? But let me pour my soul away in one last work, something that may speak to him, when I am gone, of the pure and lasting love he threw from him, as he would cast aside a faded flower, or a withered wreath.'

"Night after night, she worked by the midnight lamp, praying for power to impart the history of her own being, to the brow that she was forming. 'And thou shalt wear my form and features, only more fair, as if it were touched into a lovelier being, by the glow that dwells within my heart, making my very wo beautiful to his sight, when I have passed away. Oh! would that I could throw into this picture a voice, low and sweet as the murmuring rill at the close of a summer day; or a thrilling voice of song, to pierce the cold clay that surrounds his heart, that was surely made for love; but no, that cannot be.

'Where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me, and around! Too well *they* know,
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,

When there the blight hath settled;—but I go
 Under the silent wings of peace to dwell;
 From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
 The inward burning of those words—“*in rain,*”
 Sear’d on the heart—I go. * * * If I could weep
 Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,
 Pouring my heart forth, ere I sink to rest!
 But that were happiness, and unto me
 Earth’s gift is *fame*. Yet I was formed to be
 So richly blest! With thee to watch the sky,
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh;
 With thee to listen, while the tones of song
 Swept ev’n as part of our sweet air along,
 To listen silently;—with thee to gaze
 On forms, the deified of olden days,
 This had been joy enough.’

But alas, the smallest boon, if solicited by woman, is out of place. How fair thou art, bright form of my imagination, and yet a little longer, and all will be over. It will soon be passed; and he, on whom my heart has bestowed its richest treasure, shall know not what was given, he cannot know the deep love that dwells in the Italian maiden’s heart. But oh! may he not, in the distant future, when others praise my worthless fame, that might have been all his own? Oh! is it not worthless, since it cannot win for me the resting place I ask; for what are the plaudits of an admiring world, if the one adored object, that is all the world to me, looks coldly on? May he not, I sometimes dream, be led to exclaim, ‘and such was the being that truly, devotedly loved me.’

“The work was at length completed, and it was pronounced the greatest masterpiece that was ever executed by a female artist. Many came to admire it, and among others, the English nobleman. How attentively did she watch his every movement, as if she would read the workings of that heart, that was all a mystery to her! He quickly recognised the resemblance, and his dark brows knit, and his lips became more firmly compressed, for his pride revolted at being made the subject of a fancy sketch, for the public eye to gaze upon; he muttered something of the imprudence of woman, and left the studio. She turned to look after him, but saw him not, for she felt the blood rush to her heart, like a mighty torrent; her brain became confused, almost to bursting, and strange figures flitted before her. It seemed as if her delicate statuary had been transformed into aged figures, with animated life and motion, and moving their attenuated forms around her, in imitation of a fairy dance. Her fine paintings had deserted their richly gilded frames, and had arrayed themselves before her with all the terrors of an Austrian army. She shrank back, and gave a low moan, then burst into a wild maniac laugh, that contrasted strangely with her usual gravity of manners—in short she was mad; reason had been dethroned, a lingering fever followed, and, in her moments of insanity, she would call on him, who was enshrined within her heart, to terminate her existence; and, at other times, she would bestow every endearing epithet upon him. He visited her often, for his indifference had not all been real, though she had deemed it thus; for, in truth, he loved the Italian maiden; but had sought to extinguish that love, as he had been informed that for many years her faith had been plighted to a Spanish gentleman, who boasted a long line of noble ancestry, whose

riches princes might have envied; and he had, in part, received correct information, though she was not actually betrothed. Their parents being ambitious, were extremely desirous to promote the connection—and had circulated the story, well knowing that the noble Spaniard would, at any moment, marry the beautiful but portionless artist; and Inez might have complied with the wishes of her parents, had she never seen the fascinating Englishman. And how happy was he to learn that her heart was not another's, and how anxiously did he watch her returning reason, and recovery to health. And then came the mutual explanation, the parents consent to their union was obtained, and next was the bridal party, and separation from friends and home. Think not that she left them all without a pang, all the classic relicts of her own loved Italy, and all the dear objects that had been her companions from infancy. But she bade them all adieu, to accompany him, her 'bright particular star.' And proudly did he bear his portionless bride to his old ancestral halls, and for many long years 'The Painter's Last Work' took a conspicuous place in that richly stored picture gallery, the resort of the gifted and the good, and she who had executed that rare painting, was all devotion to her lord and lover, though he never exercised authority, for, after he became an old man, he was heard to say, that though the object of his early love had lost all that personal beauty, which had been once so greatly admired—for where is the stoic that can look upon beauty with indifference? when, with it, are connected goodness of heart, and a cultivated mind—often was he heard to say that the fire burned as brightly upon love's altar, as it did on the day they were betrothed.

"And, my children," said the old lady, in conclusion, "the subjects of that picture have lived a long life of happiness, in bestowing happiness upon others."

"But," said a chorus of voices, "you have not told us who the lord and lady were, that still occupy their places on the canvass, looking as beautiful as when they were first touched by the master spirit of an Italian artist."

"I know I have not," responded the old lady, "for my memory does not serve me, at all times; but here comes your grandfather, he will tell you all about it."

IONE.

SONG OF THE INVALID GIRL.*

I LOVE the shining myrtle tree,
 Its branches green and fair;
 But no more may they wreath my brow,
 Or deck my braided hair;
 The yew-tree and the cypress will
 Their mournful branches spread
 Above the spot where I repose,
 Among the early dead.
 Oh! could I know, that when I fall,
 As falls the early leaf,
 One gentle sigh of thine would be
 Breathed for a lot so brief;

One tear from sweet affection's fount
 Be o'er my memory shed,
 It would not seem so sad to lie
 Among the early dead.

But no, the thought of me will ne'er
 Bedew with tears thine eye,
 Will not e'en check thy merry laugh,
 Or cause thy breast a sigh.

A fairer form now shares thy love,
 And gaily wilt thou tread
 Upon my lowly resting place,
 Among the early dead.

MARAH.

* Written by one who, we fear, will never recover from her present disease.

COUSIN MARY.

Do you not think my Cousin Mary was beautiful? yet I know not why you should, unless it is because her name was Mary. I have seen all sorts of Marys; the tall, and the short; the thick, and the thin; the ashy white, and the florid red; yet never do I see the name of Mary in a book, but it comes associated with some picture of gentle retiring beauty, such as was hers who sleeps beneath a marble stone, in our village burying-ground. And that name is also connected with higher thoughts than those of mere personal loveliness. The Marys of Scripture—what visions of spiritual beauty cluster around their names, from the purity, and trust, of the virgin mother of our Lord, the holy love, and unwavering resignation of the listener of Bethany, to the remorse, devotion, and confiding faith of the Magdalen—it is all high, ennobling, moral beauty. There are Marys also in history—Marys of a queenly line, and almost unearthly beauty, and other Marys of story, and of song. There is the Mary of Cowper, the Mary of Burns, of Byron, and of him (I have forgotten his name) who wrote the sweet “Lament for Mary.” It is also linked with other and dearer thoughts, for who, among us, has not a mother, sister, daughter, or at least an Aunt Mary; at all events I feel quite confident that you have each a Cousin Mary. Yes, I have now *a* Cousin Mary, but not *the* cousin of whom I intend to write. I have not her, except in memory, and from that she will never be lost.

My Cousin Mary was young when I was grown a woman; and I love to think of her now, as when I watched her then, maturing in the seclusion of her lowly, peaceful home, like some sweet violet in its shady bed; and when I marked the still and modest girl, mingling with the noisier and more mirthful beauties of our village, I saw that it was not in those gay circles that Cousin Mary was to find her happiness. My Aunt Polly (Mary was named for her mother) was hardly the right one to be entrusted with the charge of one so gentle and affectionate as her pretty daughter. She was married young to my Uncle Obadiah, and all of her sisters (there were eight of them) had found partners for life ere they had reached their twentieth year; and she seemed to think that every female, at least all related to her, were born to be married. Mary was taught to think that the only proper sphere of woman was the domestic circle, and that as a wife alone could she be truly happy, and respectable. For this end was she educated, and every thought and faculty were early directed to a preparation for that station which she would undoubtedly occupy.

It may not here be amiss to give an account of the course which was considered necessary, in those old times, to prepare a female for the important duties which would then devolve upon her. To make good bread, butter, and cheese, were of course *sine qua nons*; and there were many other things nearly, if not quite, as indispensable. They must know how to card, spin, and weave; knit footings, skirts and drawers; make soap, sausages, candles, beer, and their own wedding-cake; color the boys' summer frocks, and trowsers with yellow-oak bark, and do many other things, of which a modern fine lady has probably never heard. Early in life the daughters of a farmer “well to do in the world” commenced that course of thrift, economy, and forethought, which rendered our mothers fit partners for the sturdy yeomanry of New England. Where there were several daughters, the work was divided between them, according to their different capacities, or inclinations;

one doing the carding, another the spinning, and another the weaving, while a fourth assisted her mother to wash, bake, and brew. If the farm was large, and the family too small to do all of the work, some poor neighbor's daughter, Hitty, Sally, or Dolly, was hired to assist them. She was never called a servant, or domestic, but spun, eat, and slept with the daughters of her employers, and very often became the bride of their eldest son. Jonathan, Hezekiah, Eliphalet, or whatever else his name might be; at all events usually made her the subject of his initiating exercises in the mysteries of gallantry, such as sitting on the bars, while she was milking, waiting to carry her pail for her, and beguiling the time by talking about "father's crops, steers, and heifers," or the state of his meadow and woodland, and similar interesting subjects. Perhaps if he was naturally romantic, or really smitten by the charms of the fair damsel, his conversation would take a more elevated turn, and he would talk about the moon, or may be of the stars and clouds. These attentions were often followed by those of a more pointed character, such as waiting upon her to and from singing schools, meetings, weddings, and merry-makings; and it was often the case that, when the mother was called upon to part with one daughter, her son was ready to bring her another.

But I must not too long digress from Cousin Mary. She was an only child, and, as her father's farm was a small one, no other help was considered necessary in the performance of their household duties. Before her twelfth year was completed, she could spin, cook, and wash as well as her mother, and make full as good butter. Patch-work quilts were already completed, done in what, in our modern way of speaking, would be called mason-work, or perhaps mosaic. Indeed, girls in those days often exercised themselves in all the figures of Euclid, while making their quilts, though they were wholly unconscious of these practical illustrations of geometry. Cousin Mary was the only girl I ever knew, who had *two* quilts, made in the fashion of what is called "Job's troubles;" and there used to be an old saying that no one who ever commenced such work would live to complete it. I am happy to be able to inform all who may wish to exhibit such an evidence of industry, that they need not fear, from this cause, an untimely death, for I have known some who have lived to mature years, and slept under a weight of "troubles" of their own making.

As Mary had no brother or sister, she enjoyed the same privileges as the daughters of their more wealthy neighbors, and was allowed as much wool and flax as she would make up; and her future marriage portion was to be, like theirs, not so much a criterion of her father's wealth, as of her own industry. She worked like a beaver, and had not only the requisite pillow-case full of stockings before she was engaged, but also divers rag-mats, and strip carpets; blue and white woollen coverlids, and a huge pile of blankets, sheets, and pillow-cases. She had also towels, and table-linen of her own weaving, done in patterns manifold. There was hukkabuk, diamond, bird's-eye, lock and compass, lemon and orange peel, chariot wheels, seven stars, nine snow-balls, true lover's knots, and many others. She had from childhood possessed a little flock of geese and hens, of her own rearing, the products of which were some feather beds, and sundry articles, which she had purchased, with the eggs sold at the village store; among which were a silk gown, a chip hat, a fur tippet, and a pair of gold ear-knobs. These articles were of course kept very choice, and only worn upon particular occasions.

Mary was, I think, about eighteen years of age, when she first received the attentions of Daniel Parsons. He was the younger son of a wealthy farmer, and my Aunt Polly was much pleased with the prospect of a match,

which she thought would conduce to the happiness and advantage of her daughter. She was continually talking about it to Mary, and expatiating upon the felicities, and increase of dignity, appertaining to the marriage state. Though I think that my aunt did well to prepare Mary's thoughts for an event which would probably occur to her, yet such constant disquisitions, as though it was something inevitable, were not judicious. It would have been better to have taught her that marriage, though an event that might possibly, or would probably, yet was not one that must, assuredly, constitute her future happiness; and that misery and degradation were not necessary concomitants of a single state.

But so it was, and Mary was taught to consider herself a wife in prospective; and, from the time that Daniel Parsons began to make his stated weekly visits, she looked upon him as her future husband. But she did not feel in any hurry to marry. O no; a courtship of a dozen years was, in those days, considered nothing out of the way; and for seven years was Cousin Mary the affianced one of Daniel Parsons, without people's troubling themselves about the time when they should be man and wife. At length the customary observations were made, that they should think it was high time that Daniel and Mary were married, and they saw nothing in the world to hinder, and wonder was expressed that the courtship had not come to a crisis before. And then there were suspicions, and surmises, and doubts, and fears, and some thought that they never would be united, and others that they never had intended to be, or that Daniel could do far better, or that Mary should remain single, to take care of her parents, in their declining years.

Such observations, of course, were more frequently made when Daniel expressed his determination to leave home, for a time, and seek his fortune, or obtain a better acquaintance with the world, in the city. Aunt Polly was not at all discomposed at this. She was glad that Mary was to be left with her a short time longer, though still pleased at the thought of resigning her, at some future time, to an enterprising husband. Whatever Cousin Mary felt, she said nothing—at least, nothing expressive of much feeling upon the subject—and I supposed, as did many others, that if Daniel should not return, or should find a more pleasing partner in his new place of residence, she could easily withdraw her affections from him, if not transfer them to some one else. But we did not give her credit for the warmth, and constancy of feeling, which she really possessed. I had supposed that to be a wife, a housekeeper, to go about a home of her own, as she now did about her father's house, was her highest aim. But how much was I mistaken. Because she was reserved, and concealed the strength of her feelings, I presumed she did not possess it; and when some months had passed away, and no Daniel returned to Cousin Mary, and she still went on with her accustomed household duties, as busy, and *apparently* as cheerful as ever, I supposed that she had forgotten him, as he had probably forgotten her.

Sometimes I would ask her when she was to be married, and her reply would usually be, "Never: why should I wish to leave this happy home? I can never have a better one." But Aunt Polly would always call out, "I am glad that Mary does not wish to leave us yet, and that Daniel does not think of marrying at present. It is pleasant to think that we shall live together awhile longer."

I knew that Mary did not correspond with Daniel, but the few letters, which he wrote to his parents, were always forwarded, by them, to her, and he received accounts of her health and welfare through the same medium. They were both unaccustomed to the use of the pen, and it was, in those

days, a stranger thing for country lovers to correspond than to neglect it; so that circumstance, of itself, occasioned but little uneasiness.

But at length Daniel returned, for a short time, to his father's house. Every body was upon the watch to see how matters would go on between him and Cousin Mary. I must confess that I sat down to my chamber window, with a feeling of more than usual solicitude the next Sunday evening after his arrival. I thought of the many times when I had seen him, on his "winding way," just about sundown, with his hair nicely brushed, his handkerchief tied about his neck in a neat square knot, his shoes well greased, and his very walk bespeaking an errand of unusual importance. And there Cousin Mary would sit and wait for him, in the best fore-room, with her pink calico gown on, and a white vandyke, and her best morocco shoes, and all things around her arranged with even more than ordinary care.

I thought of all this, but I felt that a change had now come over the spirit of Daniel's dream. He had learned to wear a watch, cravat, and long coat; could smoke cigars, and sing songs; wore pomatum on his hair, and "Day & Martin" on his boots; and was altogether quite a spruce young gentleman.

But he did not go near Cousin Mary that day, nor the next, nor even the next; and when they did meet, it was as strangers, rather than those who had once been lovers. At length, Daniel went back again, and country gossips loudly proclaimed the fact that Mary was a deserted girl. Aunt Polly said she did not care; Mary was far too good for him, and she knew of many others who would be glad to marry her, and she doubted not that she would soon find a better husband. I said nothing to my cousin about it. I felt that she would be better pleased if this subject were entirely dropped, and I do not approve of the meddling which is so common in all love affairs. Where there is happiness, let them enjoy it in that peaceful quiet so dear to every mind of delicacy, and where there is misery and disappointment, let the wrung heart recover itself in secrecy and silence.

But though, upon one subject, I said nothing to Cousin Mary, I watched her as closely as I could, without offending her. I saw enough. She talked, and laughed, and worked as much as ever, but her form began to waste, her hands grew thin, there was a hollow circle around her eyes, and when she thought herself unobserved, the smile was changed to a sigh. At last Aunt Polly sent for me to come there, for Mary was sick. She did not know what was the matter, but thought she had taken a violent cold. I went, and found her seated in her little chamber in an attitude of the deepest dejection.

"Mary," said I, as I raised the head which had rested on her hands—"dear Cousin Mary, tell me what is the matter?"

"Nothing," said she—"nothing in particular. I cannot work, and my mother is alarmed about me. Nothing is the matter but a headache, and *that will soon be over.*"

She uttered the last words in a low impressive tone, and I calmly replied, "Mary, you must tell me all. I can at least sympathize with you, and perhaps advise and console you. I know some things now, for I at least have not been wholly deceived."

"Oh," said she, bitterly, "I have tried to deceive you all. I have been a hypocrite this long time, but I can be one no longer. My strength and spirits have utterly failed me. I do not sleep; I have had no quiet rest for months; I can do nothing now but die. I shall sleep soundly then, and not till then."

"Mary," said I, earnestly, "you must not talk so; you must not feel so; you must overcome this; you can do it, and for your parents' sake, who

have no other child but you, and for your own sake, you must not give way to this weakness. Rouse yourself, and be as though this had never happened. Be yourself; you have the kindest of parents, an excellent home, and many friends. You are young, and life should still be dear to you. It is dear when you have once thrown off this worse than weakness, and become what you once have been."

"That time will never be," was Mary's bitter reply. "It cannot be. I know all that you *would* say, and more than you *could* say. I *have* tried to rouse myself, but my efforts have been like those of a miserable dreamer. I try to awake, and to be once more in the happy world about me, but the dreadful bands still keep me down. I am like one in chains, and when it seems for a moment as though I might burst them asunder, the effort only convinces me more surely of my own weakness. Do not tell me that *I can* overcome this, for I assure you that *I cannot*. I despise and hate myself for it, but I can do nothing but pray for rest and peace in the slumber of the grave."

"Tell me, Mary, all that has happened, and let me know what has thus depressed you."

"I cannot tell you all, nor but very little. When I first began to suspect that Daniel might prove untrue, I felt as though such suspicions were the suggestions of the adversary, and would not harbor them. I kept hoping on, and hoping against hope, and satisfying myself, by every reasoning, that I had been unjust to him; and putting the construction which I most wished upon his absence and silence; and at length, when he returned, I avoided a meeting as long as possible that I might not *know* that my fears were true, that I might not be deprived of all hope; and when I did see him, I tried so hard to appear indifferent, though I feared that the truth must sometime be known. But he did not know then that I felt it, nor did any one. I returned that evening to my parents, and sat and tried to talk with them, and to appear as though nothing had disturbed me; but when I laid my head upon my pillow it was with the wish that I might never raise it again, and then my brain began to whirl, and the blood kept boiling into it, and sounds like the crash of buildings, and the yells of wild beasts went through my ears, and then I lay like one almost benumbed, and conscious of naught but life and misery."

Mary was not naturally romantic, she had never read novels, and I felt, as she poured forth her feelings in the quick earnest language of passion, how deeply she had loved, and how much she had been wronged. I trembled as she opened her heart to me, for there is no frankness like that of a reserved mind when it has once thrown aside all concealment.

"Mary," said I, at length, "I see that you cannot yet become indifferent, but you must change your feelings. Learn to despise him for his fickleness, and hate him for his cruelty."

"I cannot," said she; "I feel myself too unworthy and despicable to despise any one; and I cannot hate—it is not in my nature; neither do I wish that a love which *has* made me happy, and which *might* have gladdened a long life, to change to that dark passion as I am about to enter another world."

She buried her face in her hands, and I could say nothing more, for I felt my own more turbulent spirit rebuked by the meekness of the gentle girl. I had seen love come upon others, brightening with its sunshine their young existence; and I had seen disappointment follow, like a tempest, bringing darkness and desolation in its train; but it passed away, and all again was green and beautiful: but upon Cousin Mary it had come like the with-

ering blight, which penetrates the very earth, and carries destruction to every root and stem. I saw that for her "the life of life" was o'er, and life had naught but death in store. Yet no one else knew it, no one suspected it, "for every string had snapped so silently—Quivered and bled unseen."

A physician was called to her, who said that the symptoms were those of consumption, but she might be saved by judicious care and watchfulness. From that time I did not leave her, but we spoke no more upon that one subject. I endeavored to arouse and cheer her, but in vain. She had exerted herself as long as possible, and now she wished to be left in peace. Once I brought to her the child of a neighbor, with the hope that its innocent playfulness would effect what I had not been able to perform, but she turned away from it, and I saw that there were tears in her eyes. Yet I could not see her die without making one more effort to save her.

She was reserved; she had concealed, even from me, the strength of her attachment to her lover. How probable then that he was totally unconscious of it; her pride had enabled her to appear indifferent, he perhaps thought her cold and heartless; at all events, he could not know how every idea of future happiness had been linked with thoughts of him; how that affection was inwoven with every fibre of her heart; if he knew it all, he certainly must return to her. I wrote, without her knowledge, a letter to Daniel Parsons, and it had the desired effect. He was soon with us, and when he beheld the wan cheek, and sunken eye, of Cousin Mary, his heart smote him for the ruin he had wrought. His former affection returned, and he wished, if possible, to restore her to happiness.

"But you deceived me," said he to her; "I thought that you cared but little for me, and therefore I put your feelings to the test; and when I left home the last time, it was with the assurance that you never had really loved me."

"I saw that a change had taken place in you," was Mary's reply, "and I thought it greater than it really was. I could not bear that you should think I cherished a feeling which was to meet no return. I believed that your love was gone, and only wished to hide my own till I rested with the dead."

"You must not talk of dying," said Parsons to her. "You shall live, and we will yet be happy."

He was indeed resolved that if affection, and the most constant attention, could restore her, she should yet be his; and again a roseate glow came upon Mary's cheek, and a sparkle to her eye, but they were flickering and evanescent. Preparations were made for their marriage, and the journey which was to follow it, and from which was hoped the most beneficial results. The day was fixed, and all was ready, but it was as I had feared—the excitement, the reaction of feeling had been too great, and on the very evening appointed for the wedding they bade each other a last farewell.

We clad her that night in white robes, but they were not those she had prepared for the bridal; and when we had arrayed her in garments for the grave, he who had thought then to have been her husband, came to look upon her as she lay in the sleep of death. He lifted the shroud from the lifeless form, and gazed long and earnestly upon that countenance which never more might beam with love, and hope, and trust in him. He shed no tear, but his face was pale as that of the dead, and his lips quivered as he pressed them, for the last time, to the marble brow; then, gently replacing the shroud, he turned away, and never looked at her again. He has been true to her memory, and the most beautiful monument, in our burying-ground, is that which marks her last resting place. Faithfully are all the duties of

his life performed, but when I see him now, with a countenance, which, spite of its calmness, bears the impress of an enduring sorrow, I cannot but regret that he must have received so severe a lesson, before he could understand the heart of Cousin Mary. BETSEY.

EDITORIAL.

Received from Bixby & Whiting—

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION. *By Charles Dickens.* The author of these notes could not have chosen a title more significant of their ultimate success. His book has been more generally circulated, and eagerly perused, than any work of the kind ever before published. Preachers have extracted portions of it, to give point to their discourses; and factory girls have stolen glimpses at its forbidden pages during their hours of labor. Reviewers have criticised it with unmerciful severity, and boys have laughed over it in the quiet of their humble firesides. Gentlemen of the most cultivated intellect, and "maidens of low degree," have read it with equal interest, though may be from different motives. But while some have risen from its perusal with feelings of grateful regard, for him who has again exerted his talents to amuse and instruct them, a greater number have repaid him with unmerited abuse, and unqualified disapprobation. Some complain that he has not always told the truth; but none can convict him of intentional falsehood. There is evidently a style of exaggeration in his descriptions, as when he complains of the bespattered carpet at the President's mansion, and the cloud of foam which emanated from the windows of the railroad cars; but no false impression will be conveyed to those accustomed to the author's usual manner of narration; and we do not believe there is a woman in the land, but will bless him, from the bottom of her heart, for his ridicule of a filthy practice. Some complain that, where it is the truth, it has not been told in a kind spirit, and that if Dickens had not been out of humor, he would not have said some of these disagreeable things. In the book itself we see nothing like malice, no evidence of a wish to injure, or inclination to be unjust. If it is true that he has said some things, under the influence of disappointed feelings, which would have been withheld in the event of a different issue, it only confirms the old saying, "Make a person angry with you, and he will tell you the truth." Dickens has told us truths which it is well for us to know; he has pointed out faults which it would be well for us to correct; and errors which it would be well for us to avoid. There is no individual from whom we should be more willing to receive rebuke than from him. As a foreigner, he could more easily perceive our national faults, than we can ourselves, and no idea can be more erroneous, or injurious, than that, as a nation, we are faultless; and no opinion more foolish, than that a foreigner should never presume to express his disapprobation of any of our habits, or institutions. As an author, Dickens stood high in our regard, and as such he has written nothing which need lower him in our estimation. His book, say some, has proved, that if a genius, he is not a philosopher, nor a philosophical genius, but, if this be true, it has disproved nothing which we should have taken for granted before. We are in no particular need of philosophical disquisitions upon our government, &c. De Tocqueville, and Miss Martineau, have done considerable already, and if this be not enough we shall probably soon have more from Lord Ashburton, and Viscount Morpeth.

As an Englishman, Dickens has been fearless and unwearied in exposing, in his peculiar manner, the abuses and corruptions of society at home. This alone should have given weight to his strictures upon us, and have enabled us to bear them cheerfully. The same kind feelings and genuine sympathy which impelled him to select, for the leading characters, of some of his tales, such unfortunates as an orphan girl, and work-house boy, is distinctly seen in the work before us. The poor emigrants, the inmates of our asylums, the occupants of our prisons, and other places of discipline, have attracted much of his attention, and figure largely in his book. A great share of this respectful sympathy has been accorded to us, and none have received a more unqualified encomium than THE FACTORY GIRLS OF LOWELL. We trust that we feel grateful for his kindness, and proud of his approval; but we fear that we do not deserve all his commendation, that we are not worthy of such flattering compliments. He says, "Firstly, there is a piano in a great many of the boarding-houses." That is

true, but not in a great proportion of them. "Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to Circulating Libraries." We fear that *nearly all* do not thus subscribe, though very many are supporters of other libraries. "Thirdly, they have got up, among themselves, a periodical called THE LOWELL OFFERING." The Offering was got up by individuals from *among themselves*, and they perhaps are worthy of our author's applause, but the proportion of those factory girls who interest themselves in its support is not more than one in fifty. Still it is right that all should share the credit, if the general rule is a just one, to judge of a body by their prominent individuals. We are glad that Dickens saw so much to please him in our "city of spindles," and regret for their sakes that so broad a line of distinction must be drawn between us and our sister operatives, across the Atlantic. Heaven speed the day when sentiments, more worthy of enlightened Britain, shall prevail among her rulers, and justice and generosity shall guide their counsels.

With a very few extracts we will close. He says, speaking of the Lowell operatives, their pianos and books, "They will say 'these things are above their station' I would beg to ask what their station is. It is their station to work. And they *do* work. They labor in these mills, upon an average, twelve hours a day; which is unquestionably work, and pretty tight work too. Perhaps it is above their station to indulge in these amusements, upon any terms. Are we quite sure that we, in England, have not formed our ideas of the 'station' of working people, from accustoming ourselves to the contemplation of that class *as they are*, and not *as they might be*?" We can only refer to one or two more passages which struck us. He says, "Cant as we may, and as we shall to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it," &c. &c. His remarks upon the abuses of our press, the low character of many of our newspapers, and the *distrust* so prevalent in the "popular mind" here, are worthy of our serious attention; and he is not far out of the way in his description of our *smart* men. "'He is a public nuisance, is he not?' 'Yes, sir.' 'A convicted liar?' 'Yes, sir.' 'He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And he is utterly dishonorable, debased, and profligate?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?' 'Well, sir, he is a *smart man*.'"

Dickens has been accused of ingratitude, for the hospitality which was so kindly extended to him, but he has shown himself more truly worthy of it than if he had cajoled and flattered us, in the style which alone would have satisfied the majority of our countrymen. We like him the better because he was not to be bribed by a custard pudding, or a leg of roast turkey. More anon.

THE NEW YEAR. Greetings for the new year are ringing in our ears, as we seat ourselves to pen an editorial for our January number. Since our last appeared before our kind patrons, we have commemorated several anniversaries, and the last we have kept has been mingled with somewhat of sadness. The new year comes to us, as ever, with new hopes and fears, with new pleasures and responsibilities, but it also comes bearing, not the renewal of the gifts which it has been wont to extend, but holding forth its verdant treasures, of a totally different kind. We little thought, when we hailed the year "Forty-Two," that, ere its expiration, we should have dared to assume the labors and responsibilities which bring us, now, before our readers. And ere the present year has passed, if life and health are spared, some change as great, and fraught with other influences, may have passed over us. Friends may have deserted, hopes may have withered, fortune may have frowned, responsibilities may have heavily weighed upon us, and difficulties may have increased beyond our powers of self-support.

It is reflections like these which give a pensive tone to our greetings for the coming year. But whether, or not, the kind wishes of others, for ourselves, shall be realized, we can cordially and earnestly extend to them, and to all our patrons, the usual courtesy, and wish them all "A happy new year."

And may not this be, to us all, an eventful year? Whether the theological speculations of some of our fellow-countrymen are proved, or exploded, it still may be a year of great things, of mighty changes, of revolutions which may have a perceptible influence upon our whole country. The new year comes to us on a holy day—its greetings are mingled with Sabbath musings, and its reflections are tinged with a sacred light. May it depart, as it has come, peacefully, sacredly, and joyously; laden with an urn of innocent delights, and giving place to a new corner of aspect as serene, of presence as delightful. May we all live to greet it, if not to greet each other; and if another year should find us all far sundered, may it find us all prepared to appreciate it more truly, and meet it more worthily.

H. F.